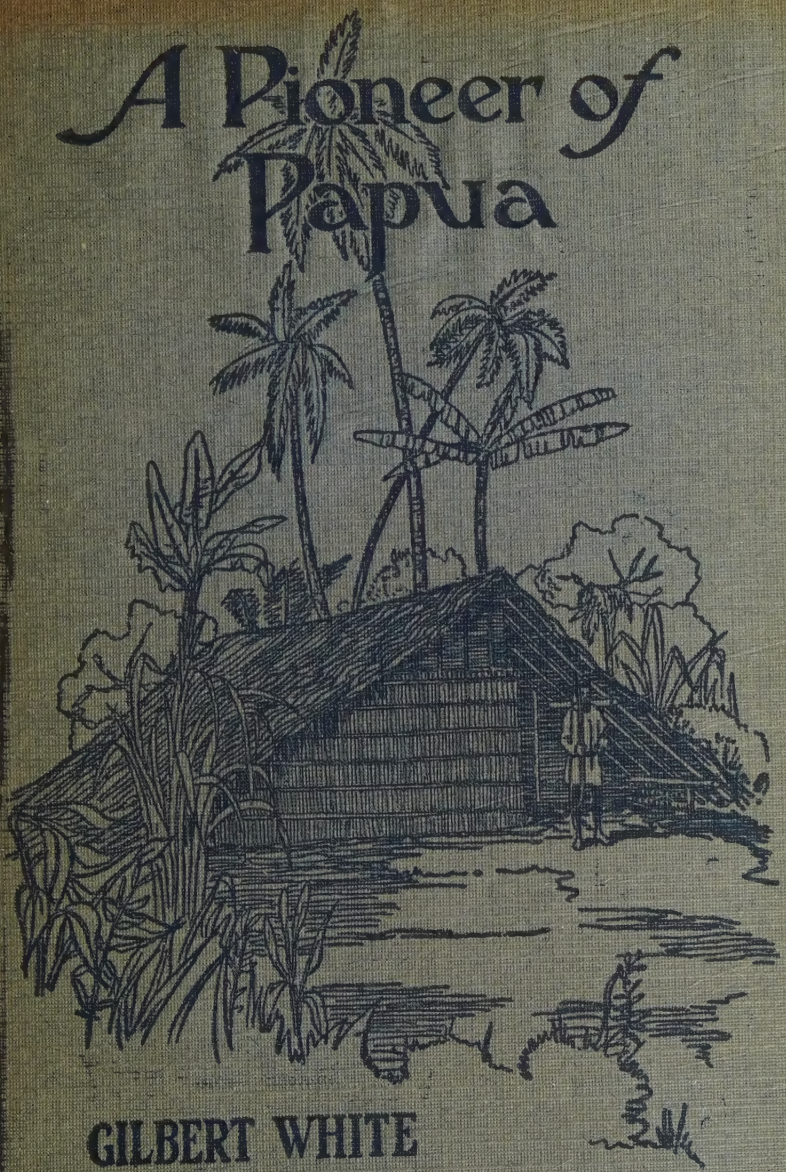
# A Pioneer of Papua



GILBERT WHITE

GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
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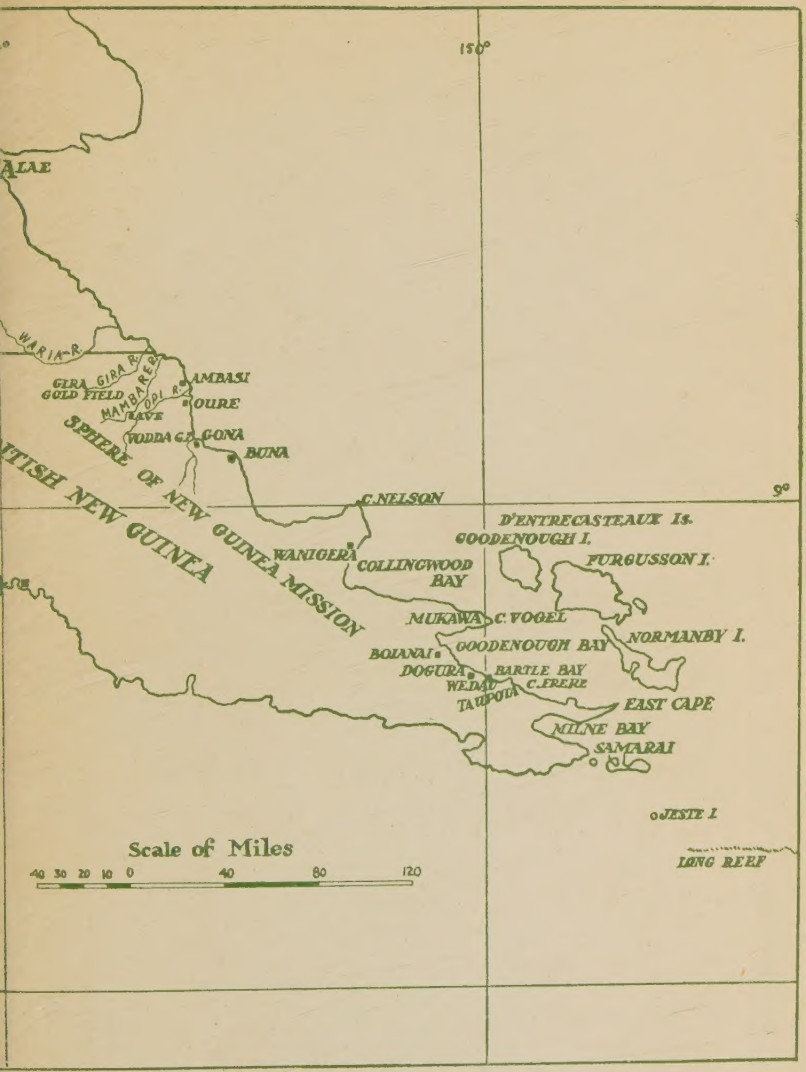
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# A PIONEER OF PAPUA

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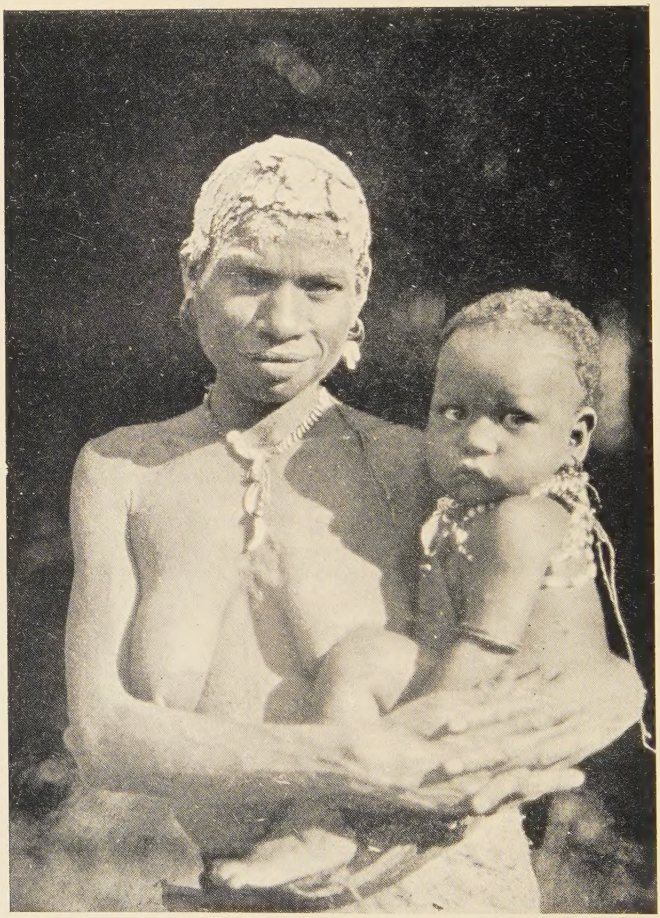

EMO WIDOW AND CHILD.

# A PIONEER OF PAPUA

BEING THE LIFE OF

## THE REV. COPLAND KING, M.A.

ONE OF THE TWO FIRST MISSIONARIES OF THE NEW GUINEA MISSION

1859-

BY

THE RT. REV. BP. GILBERT WHITE, D.D.

FORMERLY BISHOP OF CARPENTARIA AND OF WILLOCHRA

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# PREFACE

When the author was first asked to write this book it was intended that the life should be a book of considerable size, but it was found on inquiry that the cost of such a book in good print would be too great to allow of its sale at a popular price, and so, by the desire of the Board of Missions, the book was reduced to very much less than its contemplated size. The writer has tried to adapt himself to the new conditions, and to make the book interesting to the general public, though its brevity may reasonably disappoint those who knew and loved its subject. Any profits from its sale will go to the A.B.M. The writer has, with permission, drawn freely on the writings of the present Bishop of New Guinea and on the A.B.M. and New Guinea Reports. He has also to thank many friends of Mr. King, who kindly supplied him with letters and information. The copies of the excellent photographs were supplied by A.B.M., and are in many cases the work of the well-known expert Captain Hurley.

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# A PIONEER OF PAPUA

## CHAPTER I

### 1863—1891

COPLAND KING was born at Parramatta, N.S.W., on June 24, 1863. He was one of the four sons of the Rev. R. L. King, Principal of Moore College, Liverpool, N.S.W., and afterwards Archdeacon of Cumberland. His grandfather, Rear-Admiral P. G. King, was the son of the third Governor of New South Wales.

As a boy Copland was good at all kinds of outdoor games, especially cricket, and was quick at his school work, but did not specially distinguish himself. His great interest was in botany, and all through his life he kept up a correspondence with botanical professors in France, Germany, and the Philippine Islands. He discovered in Papua many new plants unknown to science.

Copland was educated at home until he was fifteen, when he went to the Sydney Grammar School, and from thence in 1882 to the Sydney University, where he took his B.A. and later his M.A. degree ; the Australian College of Theology

later on conferred on him the degree of Fellow in Theology, in recognition of the great work that he accomplished for the languages of Papua.

He was fortunate in his home life, having the companionship of his brother Cecil, afterwards Rector of Camden, and his sister Ethel, who afterwards did a most wonderful work for missions in organizing and managing the Heralds of the King, which under her guidance spread over Australia, raising before her death in 1928 a sum of over £2,000 a year for missions.

Before his ordination Copland King served as catechist under his father at Holy Trinity, Miller's Point. While there he organized a very successful Young Men's Club, and was a very efficient superintendent of the Sunday-school. After his ordination he was assistant curate of Castle Hill, where his brother-in-law, the Rev. Frank Elder, was rector. He had already thought of missionary work, and was turning over in his mind the claims of New Guinea when the call unexpectedly came.

In January, 1891, he was travelling by train from Sydney to Tamworth for a holiday. At Singleton the missionary priest who was devoting himself to work in New Guinea, the Rev. A. Maclaren, entered the carriage, and King questioned him about his work with a view to gaining information for his Sunday-school children.

Maclaren, after a little talk, asked him to join the Mission. King, however, hesitated, partly because he had not definitely decided to offer for missionary work, and partly because his own views differed largely in many ways from those of Maclaren. He was, however, quite ready to discuss the matter, and finally they got out of the train and spent the night walking up and down the streets of a wayside town, Quirindi, as the following train left early in the morning. On his return from his holiday he placed a formal offer of himself in the hands of the Primate. He had said to his brother: "Perhaps I ought to go, though I do not feel the affection for the natives that Maclaren seems to have." "Why, then, do you go?" he was asked, and replied: "Well, the need was there and the call for someone. I was available, and so I felt that I ought to offer." We get a glimpse here of the strong sense of duty which always marked him, and the affection for his people soon came with overpowering strength. He served in the Sydney Hospital for three months in order to obtain some knowledge of simple medicine and surgery, a knowledge which was afterwards of great service.

The first idea of a mission to New Guinea (now called Papua, though the diocese retains the old name) was mooted at the General Synod of Australia and Tasmania in October, 1886, when

a resolution was passed admitting the obligation which lay upon the Church to establish a mission in New Guinea both for the settlers and the natives, and calling upon all dioceses in Australia to take their part in the effort. The Board of Missions was asked to collect information and to take action as soon as possible. S.P.G. promised £1,000 and S.P.C.K. £500, and at the Church Congress, held in Sydney in 1889, an interesting paper full of suggestions was read by the late Hon. John Douglas, C.M.G. The Rev. A. A. Maclaren offered himself to the Primate, and was accepted as the first missionary.

In May, 1890, Maclaren visited New Guinea at the Governor's invitation, going across from Cooktown in the *Merrie England* to Port Moresby. Meetings were held with the L.M.S. and other missionary societies, and it was mutually agreed that the L.M.S. should retain the south coast, the Methodists should take the islands to the south-east, and the Anglican mission the north-east coast from Cape Ducie to the German boundary. Maclaren volunteered to act as the Governor's private secretary for a few months while the secretary was away on leave, and thus by continued travelling he got many opportunities of coming in touch with the natives and of selecting possible sites for the mission. In September Mr. Maclaren returned south, and in January, 1891, he met

many of the Bishops on the occasion of the consecration of the Melbourne Cathedral. In Melbourne he gained other volunteers for the work—C. P. Kennedy and Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson, who came from St. Mark's, Fitzroy. Materials were collected for building a house and two carpenters engaged, and a schooner, the *Grace Lynn,* was chartered to convey the material and the missionaries to New Guinea, a journey of about 2,000 miles. A farewell service was held in St. Andrew's Cathedral on the evening of July 1, 1891, and at its close the Primate blessed the two missionary priests. On the following morning there was a celebration of Holy Communion at Holy Trinity Church, and then the two missionaries left by train for the north.

It was indeed an adventure of faith on which they were engaged. Copland King had had a quiet, uneventful life, and little was known at that time of New Guinea, except that the people were dangerous cannibals, and, moreover, the missionaries had behind them few resources, save a small amount of money and the sympathy and interest of a few earnest Churchmen here and there throughout Australia.

They had to wait some little time at Cooktown for the arrival of the *Grace Lynn,* which had been slowly creeping up the coast. The voyage from Cooktown to Samarai in a small sailing boat is

not a pleasure trip. The following description of a similar trip seems to meet this case.

One went on board early in the morning and found the hold of the vessel full to the hatches with cargo and bags of potatoes piled up upon them until it was difficult to move at all. The galley was composed of a few sheets of iron fixed round a fire which would only burn under favourable circumstances, and the cook had only the most rudimentary ideas of cooking—*i.e.*, he could make tea and coffee of a sort and a stew when there was anything to make it of. The staple food was salt meat and bread and jam, as long as the bread lasted, then sodden damper and jam. How the passengers came to hate jam! The only accommodation for these was the cabin aft, where the captain had his bunk. It was six by ten feet square and about four feet high, and was half full of cargo that had overflowed from the hold. As long as the cover could be kept pushed back or even the small side scuttles opened it was not so bad, but as soon as the wind brought the spray dashing over the deck and everything had to be closed the air became so thick and foul that one felt that one could cut it with a knife. The crew had quarters in an even more unpleasant hole forward. The ship was to leave punctually at 6 a.m., but the passengers waited hour after hour for the captain, who was

getting the ship's papers and making final arrangements. At last he appeared, and it was found that one of the two men who with the cook formed the crew was missing. A search of the twelve public-houses was organized, and he was at last brought on board and dumped into his berth, where for twenty-four hours he was dead to the world. The moorings were let go, and the little vessel drifted out between the wooded heads till a gusty breeze filled the sails and carried it out from the land towards the Great Barrier Reef, twenty miles away, where the ship anchored for the night, after scraping ominously over a patch of coral. The boat was due to be in Samarai in three days, and all felt full of hope as the anchor was raised at daylight and the way picked out through the passage of the reef into the big rollers of the Pacific, which broke in creaming foam on either side. The course was immediately set N.E. by E. Samarai was only 430 miles away, and the ship ought to have been there easily in three days. As a matter of fact it took eight.

The weather was bad, and one experienced the full discomforts of a small vessel. They are perhaps greater than those of any other situation of life. If you go on deck there is no place free from the driving rain, which is chilling even in the tropics, or from the wind-swept waves, which dash at you over the side or well up at you from below

if you think you have got a sheltered spot at the extreme stern. If you are not careful they may even lift you over the low rail into the sea. If you make up your mind to go below, and are lucky enough to find a place amid the spare stores where you can lie down, you are literally sickened by the poisonous air, and hour after hour, day after day, your body is strained and twisted and flung about by the constant leaping and rolling of the little craft. You cannot eat and you cannot sleep ; you would give all that you have in the world and a good deal more to be still, if only for five minutes, to rest and allow the shaken organs to get back to their proper places. But still the eternal shaking goes on night and day, until you lose all hope and feel as if you would welcome death. At last on the fourth day there was a sudden cry. A short distance ahead was a long line of reef on which the breakers were thundering, and in which there was not any break visible. The captain was more than hazy as to where he was ; his chronometer had been perforce left behind in Cooktown, and he ran along outside the reef all day. Still no opening or landmark appeared, so after sunset he turned and ran back the way he had come, where at least the way was clear. Next day he continued to run down the reef in the opposite direction, and at last sighted an island, which was recognized as being on the right track. The boat found anchorage for

WOMEN FISHING.

NATIVE HOUSE BUILDING, AMBASI.

Facing p. 16

the night under the lee of it, and next day limped wearily into its destination.

Some such experience as this was the lot of the two first missionaries as they crossed from Cooktown to Samarai in the *Grace Lynn*. On August 6, 1891, the old vessel was off Samarai, but could not manage to get in until the Government steamer, the *Merrie England,* went out and towed her in.

Samarai, a small but beautiful island at the extreme south-east point of Papua, was a Government station as well as a small town, and our adventurers found, as always, a warm welcome from the authorities. As the *Grace Lynn* was delayed by Customs business they determined to push on to the mainland, and on August 7, 1891, they left in the whale-boat *Tasmania,* and reached Bartle Bay at dusk on the second day.

The following description of the neighbourhood of the Mission was written by the Rev. H. Newton, the present Bishop of New Guinea, on his first arrival in 1899, about eight years after the coming of the first missionaries. It will serve to describe the place as it then was.

"At the eastern end of the mainland of New Guinea the land runs into a long narrow point with a ridge in the middle of it, the end of a long mountain range, which forms, as it were, a backbone from far away to the north-west in Dutch and

German territory to East Cape in the south-east. Away to the north-west the mountains rise to unknown heights into the region of perpetual snow.

"The mainland at the end of the Cape is low and covered with coco palms leaning out over the sea, but very soon land rises suddenly and the hill is covered with a dense scrub, a dark green mass with, at certain seasons, splashes of bright red in the foliage. Round the Cape you travel—if the wind and tide suit—then a course is shaped at a very sharp angle to the direction in which you have come. Native villages, the houses on piles, line the shore, roof and walls of plaited coco or sewn sago leaves, or palm leaves of some kind or other, blending in perfect harmony with Nature. Colours of various hues from crotons and dracænas brighten the scene—native gardens cut out of the scrub on the mountain-side are surrounded by a fence of poles to keep out wallabies and wild pigs —the natives walking about in the villages or sitting here and there as they watch the vessels go by add a touch of life to the scene, the women, with their skirts of sago palm or sago leaves swinging and swishing with a motion from the hips, some carrying bags of food or bundles of wood suspended from their shaven heads, and it may be a baby on the top of the load or carried straddlewise on one hip ; the men, with their great bushy heads of hair, carry a spear or tomahawk

over the shoulder—for a man never goes without one or other—a little netted bag or small plaited basket containing areca nuts and lime spatula, a little gourd of lime, a few pepper leaves, and numerous odds and ends, as numerous and perhaps more useful than those which every schoolboy carries in his pocket. The men have little clothing, but their dark skin obviates any suggestion of nakedness. They merely have a cincture round the waist, it may be of twisted human hair or plaited vine roots no thicker than a boot-lace but of many strands, and a loin-cloth of palm leaves, treated with heat of the fire and marked with a pattern, tied to the belt in front and behind.

"From East Cape to Cape Ducie you run along not far from the shore, and the scenery is much of the same character, and then it all suddenly changes. The mountains are still close to the beach, but the scrubs give way to grass on the mountain-sides and the rounded ridges to sharp razor-backs which zigzag from the shore to the range beyond. The top of the range above is covered with scrub, and there are dark lines of foliage in the gullies between the ridges. So sharp are these razor-backs that a man can only just find footing, and they fall sheer both sides to the valleys. In the wet season the mountain-sides are streaked with silver lines of water falling cascade

after cascade, rushing, tumbling, hurrying as though impatient to get back to the sea, their mother, and only at peace when they rest on her bosom. The mountains look as though they had been suddenly raised from the sea in bygone ages, and waters have washed the sides bare of all that was soft and loose, carrying back what they could to the sea. Indeed, the huge terraces of coral, 1,000 feet up, rising cliff on cliff, tell of the days when all was under the sea.

"Here and there the mountains recede a little from the shore, leaving grassy lawns sloping to the sea, and again valleys are noticed widening out as they near the sea, down which flow streams, and though none is large the fall is so great that the tide affects them but little. At their mouth you can, even in ordinary seasons, obtain a drink of fresh water as you pass by in your whale-boat. Peculiarly uninteresting is that long stretch of low coast when seen from the sea, and yet there is a solemn grandeur as one walks along the beach under the callophyllum trees, which always lean out to sea, and in the glare of sun and sand give one the impression of entering some great cool cathedral.

"The eastern end of the amphitheatre is a large plain watered by two streams. Here the natives have their gardens, and the water of the streams is used with a good deal of ingenuity to

irrigate them. To the west of the Wamira River, and not more than 200 or 300 yards from the beach, the ground suddenly rises 250 feet, and then stretches away, a perfectly level plateau, to the mountains a mile beyond. Right on the front of this plateau is the Mission station. Thirty-five miles away are the great islands of the D'Entrecasteaux group—Goodenough, Fergusson, and Normanby, lying north-west and south-east, separated one from another by narrow channels and away to the south, finishing off with many islands at East Cape, some 50 miles nearly east of Dogura. The shore turns away to the westward another 30 miles or more from Dogura before it turns back nearly at right angles to Cape Vogel, some 13 miles from Goodenough Island, which rises out of the sea sheer and bold to 9,000 feet, an island that is one great mountain. So the islands and the mainland make of Goodenough Bay a great triangular inland sea 80 miles by 60 by 30, and we never get any really big seas, though even here it can blow at times and make sailors anxious, wondering if they can hang on in places where there is no shelter.

"Very beautiful are the lights and shades on the mountains and valleys in the late afternoon, gorgeous in the colouring of the sunset sky, violets and reds and pinks and purples fading away in the short twilight of the tropics; not less beautiful,

though perhaps less noticed, are the sunrises. Brilliant are the mountains, lit up at night by long lines of fire when the natives are burning the scrub in the hunting season ; wonderful are the starlight nights, but most beautiful of all the moonlight, which sends the natives nearly wild with the joy of living ; they are ready to spend the whole night singing and dancing and playing and laughing, shouting in the simple joy of existence free from care. Somewhat monotonous is the succession of bright cloudless days during the south-east season, for the mountainous islands to the eastward rob us of a good deal of our rain, and Dogura is a dry place for the tropics. Very trying, on the other hand, is the north-west season, and thankful one is to be under shelter when the heavy squalls come, and the rain beats down as though millions of buckets had been emptied above, and the noise on iron roofs is such that you can hardly hear one another speak. Then the air is humid, and the perspiration streams out of the pores of the skin as you sit quietly in the house ; and when you are writing you must have something under your hand if you do not wish the ink to run into unintelligible smudges when you get further down the paper. We do not get long continuous rains at one time. Fairly regularly in the wet season every day the rain comes and clears away, the sun breaks out fierce and hot in

its strength, and then there is the hot vapour rising from the ground to add discomfort and depression. But how the vegetation grows ! Hills that were dry and brown are in a day or two clothed in green, trees and shrubs send out fresh leaves of various colours while they are young. Nature responds on all sides, and one realizes what wealth there would be if the rainfall were distributed over the whole year.''

Such was the spot at which Maclaren and King arrived on the evening of Sunday, August 9, 1891 ; but as it was dark they did not land until the following morning, August 10, though the natives showed themselves friendly and many swam off with coconuts. Maclaren's canoe was capsized, but though he could not swim he was soon rescued. Later King landed, and they both made their way up to the plateau, which Maclaren had suggested as a site for the station. The sides were steep and scored with gullies. The top looked flat as a table, and behind was a peaked mountain 2,000 feet high, which was covered with long grass where it had not been burned off by the natives wallaby hunting. Below, the villages spread out along the coast-line. The Governor had recommended this site in Dogura, and it was decided to adopt it.

On the evening of the same day a service was held at St. Mark's, Fitzroy, to bid farewell to Mr.

(now Canon) Tomlinson and his brave wife, and on the following day they and Mr. C. E. Kennedy left Melbourne to join the Mission. Maclaren and King returned to Chad's Bay, where they met the schooner and brought her to an anchorage off Wedau.

BOYS LEARNING TO COUNT.

Facing p. 24

## CHAPTER II

1891—1898

THE first proceeding was to get the natives to build a large native house, and to carry up to the top of the plateau all the goods and timber landed by the schooner. As soon as possible the party left the boat and took up their quarters in the native house. They had brought a native cook with them, but he fell ill almost at once and was able to do no work, and so the first job the missionaries had to undertake was to cook food for themselves and for the two white carpenters. They had only a fire on the ground, and for some time cooking pots were not available. King was profoundly ignorant of the art of cooking, and meals thereafter degenerated into tinned meat and biscuit. It is little wonder that the health of the whole party soon became seriously affected. Materials for the permanent house were safely landed, but the carpenters got on to the job very slowly. At Mr. Maclaren's request King returned to Samarai in the *Grace Lynn* to transact some business for the Mission, and on his return after a fortnight's stay he fell seriously ill. He was so ill that Maclaren told him that he was going to

die. King merely remarked : "All right ; give me a paper and pencil and I will say good-bye to mother." A few days later, however, he rallied. Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson arrived on October 11, by which time three rooms of the house had been finished. On October 21 Mr. Maclaren went to Samarai in the whale-boat, returning on November 1. Both the carpenters had been down with fever, and it was decided that they, King, and the sick cook should all leave for the south. This they did on November 15. The foreman carpenter died two days after reaching Sydney, but King began slowly to recover his strength on his arrival home. Mr. Maclaren alone remained with Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson and Mr. Kennedy, and he pushed on the work at Dogura very energetically. As soon as he had things going there he started for Boianai, about twelve miles down the coast, where he landed alone and was quietly received. The following week he went farther down the coast, past Cape Vogel to Mukawa ; on his return he heard that a chief at Boianai had been killed by a neighbouring tribe, and at once set off in a native canoe to make peace. He slept in the native club-house, and spent the following days visiting the native villages round Cape Frere. On his return he was too ill to hold service in the morning, but preached in the afternoon. He left in the whale-

boat for Samarai on December 20, 1891. He was taken on board the *Merrie England,* still suffering badly from fever, and after a temperature of 106° F. he died the day before the ship arrived in Cooktown. The little band of missionaries, left without a priest, held on to their post gallantly, though their house was unfinished and there was no one left to take even temporary authority. Both Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson suffered from fever, but no thought of withdrawal entered their minds. Meanwhile Copland King was recovering, and in March, 1892, it was decided that he should return. The Primate issued an appeal for men, but no one volunteered. On March 16 King was licensed by the Primate as Head of the Mission (a post which he held until the consecration of the Bishop six years later), and instructed to proceed to New Guinea and report to him on the state of affairs and the steps to be taken to secure the permanent establishment of the Mission.

When we consider the apparently utter failure of the first attempt, the death of Maclaren, and the broken health of King himself and of the remaining members of the Mission, and the almost utter lack of encouragement or enthusiasm on the part of the Church, it must be admitted that Copland King showed a heroic courage and faith in thus quietly returning to his post. After a farewell

celebration of Holy Communion in St. Andrew's Cathedral, the solitary priest left for Papua on March 16, 1892. In Brisbane he procured a couple of carpenters, and, leaving by the schooner *Myrtle* on April 3, arrived at Samarai on Easter Eve, April 16, and at Wedau on Sunday morning, April 24. In May he travelled along the coast by whale-boat looking for a site for a second Mission station. In June, accompanied by Mr. Kennedy, he took a trip inland to explore the country. They took the occasion of a feast's being held in a mountain village, and ascended a winding gorge behind Wedau, following the river for eight miles, and then ascending a mountain called Topa. They found abundant signs of population in the mountains. The forest had been cleared away and gardens fenced and planted with bananas, sugar-cane, and sweet potato. The villages were small and scattered. After ascending 3,000 feet they reached the village of the feast. On such occasions pigs are contributed from all the regions around, killed, cut up, and distributed to all the important families together with taro. Each party takes its share and cooks it for itself. There is much dancing, for which the natives decorate themselves with their best clothes and coloured leaves. On this occasion they all carried spears. The forests are the home of the birds of paradise and

many brilliant butterflies, one of which King found to have a wing spread of nine inches and a length of six. He notes the many orchids, lycopods, and other plants unknown to science, and the hornbills, pigeons, and parrots.

In June, 1892, Canon Whitington, the General Secretary of A.B.M., tried to visit the Mission, but was taken so ill with malarial fever on his arrival at Samarai that he had to return direct to Sydney.

When King arrived at Dogura he found five native boys living on the station, three from Taupota and the other two from near Samarai. With these regular school was begun, but it was found impossible to get children from the villages to come regularly up to Dogura, so school was also started at Wedau and Wamira. It was difficult to get boys from the villages to stay, as they were very restless and could not stand any curtailment of their liberty. After a time they gained more confidence, but at first this was a real difficulty. Another was the language. King says: "It may be easy to learn the second island language, but when one has to learn the first merely from daily intercourse with the natives and without anyone to help, one's task is by no means easy. One may readily get a large number of native words and their equivalents by pointing and gesture. But when the words some-

times ended with one syllable and at other times with another syllable it was puzzling. Of course, these terminations meant something, but they were certainly not either the sign of the singular or plural or of gender. After a long time we would be led to use the word with one definite termination, just because we did not know what this or that other termination specially meant; and the natives gave way to our weakness, and would use these special terminations which we had adopted whenever they spoke to us. It was the same with the verbs, because there were both ends of the word to puzzle us. Then there were the sounds to bewilder us. We could not tell whether to insert *h* or not, whether to write *v* or *w*, and there were two *g*'s which we found it hard to distinguish, and one of them still harder to pronounce to the natives' satisfaction. And, again, the differences in dialect troubled us. The natives in their good-natured way would use words of another dialect because they thought we knew them, and so led us to believe that the words belonged to their language. It was long before we realized how great the differences in dialect were."

Meanwhile, the Brisbane carpenters were at work at Dogura, and by the beginning of August, 1892, the chapel and some of the rooms were finished, and a Dedication Service was held on

August 10, the anniversary of the landing in Bartle Bay. The carpenters left in September, but there was still a good deal of work to be done on the house; and it took King and Tomlinson till the following March to do it, the mornings being devoted to school work. From time to time King made expeditions by land or by whale-boat to neighbouring villages where murders had taken place, and tried to dissuade the people from retaliatory expeditions. In May, 1893, a conference with the L.M.S. and Wesleyan missionaries was held at Kwato under the presidency of the Rev. W. G. Lawes. The chief subjects for discussion were the laws of marriage, adultery, and divorce among the natives; and recommendations were made to the Government. It was also decided that the name of our Lord should be uniformly Jesu Keriso in all the missions.

King had now been in charge for a year without any additional help having come from the Australian church; but a small schooner of fourteen tons, the *Albert Maclaren,* had been building in Sydney, and arrived in Samarai in May, 1893. With her were Captain Prothero, a lay missionary, Mr. Elwin, and two South Sea Island teachers. Mr. Kennedy, who had been in charge of the whale-boat, was set free to settle at Taupota, where soon after the first village

church in the Mission was built. The walls were formed of slabs of sago palm fifty feet long and sewn together at the edges, and had all to be brought a considerable distance. A little later churches were built at Wamira and Wedau, the Governor being present at the opening of the former on St. Matthew's Day, 1893. The work was done entirely by the natives under Mr. Tomlinson's careful supervision. In May King decided to open a station on the northern shore of Goodenough Bay, and placed Willie Miwa at Menapi, visiting him from time to time. Willie did good work, but in October died after eating a poisonous fish. In September the Governor, Sir William MacGregor, arrived in the *Merrie England,* and invited Mr. King to accompany him up the coast. This he gladly did, and increased his knowledge of the coast as far as the Mambare River. The rest of the year 1893 was spent in steady work, King teaching school at Dogura every morning and at Wamira four afternoons a week at the various stations. As he himself simply says: "Day by day we worked in the villages healing the sick as far as we could, reasoning with and exhorting the wicked, bringing separated couples together, and teaching them all about the Saviour who had died for them, and withal praying for more helpers."

1894 was a year of steady work, but little was

COLLINGWOOD BAY FROM MUKAWA.

THE BEACH, AMBASI.

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done in the way of extension owing to mishaps to the schooner, which was twice nearly lost on the reefs, and had to be sent to Townsville to be repaired. Lantern services were introduced and found to be very useful.

In October, 1894, the first party of gold miners came into the district and went prospecting inland, where their leader Henley was killed by the natives. In the following year another party went inland from Wedau, and reached the Mambare River, where their leader Mr. Clarke was killed. The miners added not a little to the difficulties and responsibilities of the Mission. In April, 1895, the Rev. W. H. Murray and Miss Murray arrived and two or three more South Sea Island teachers. Catechumen's classes were formed and regularly attended. Few of the older men joined, but several of the younger married men and in some cases their wives. The majority were girls and boys who had had some training at the Mission stations.

In 1895 work was extended to the north-west to Collingwood Bay, where the missionaries were warmly welcomed so long as they brought iron in the shape of plane irons for exchange. The natives proved to be expert thieves, but were willing to return the stolen articles on their being missed and asked for.

At length in 1896 the firstfruits of the work

at Dogura began to appear. The catechumens' classes had been steadily going on for a long time. The rules for the catechumens were being better understood, and expulsion from the classes became less frequent. Finally, only two young men were found who it was considered might safely, in the first instance, be admitted to the Sacrament of Baptism. Much time and care was bestowed on their preparation. The Baptismal Service was translated, revised, corrected, typewritten, and taught, and they were carefully instructed on the lines of the Catechism. The training culminated in Lent, 1896, and it was decided to have the baptism on Easter Day on the beach near the village. Mr. King says: "We cut down the grass on each side of a running stream; one could see the water bubbling out of the ground, and its whole length was not thirty yards down to the sea. It ran strongly, but was not too wide to be stepped over. On Easter Sunday afternoon the village church bell rang, and all the inhabitants came along the shore and seated themselves along the right bank of the stream. The body of Christians, three missionaries from Dogura, five teachers, and seven casual visitors were on the left bank, and the catechumens were on the right bank in front of the heathen. The address explained to all the meaning of the service, and when the time came the two candidates, each

dressed in white singlet and calico, remained standing in front of their fellows, and answered distinctly the questions put to them. Then the baptism came. I took Aigeri by the hand, led him into the water, and as he stood there I poured water on his forehead and baptized him Samuela, and having been signed with the sign of the cross he stepped up into the assembly of Christians ; and then we did the same for Agadabi, and Pilipo was added to the church. The service had a great effect on the other catechumens. The second baptism took place on Whit Sunday, when Samuela's wife and child and a young man were baptized." It was with this young man Selwin that King seriously set to work on translation. He had previously made some short translations, Psalms, etc., and he now translated St. Luke's Gospel, using as a basis the Greek text and the Authorized and Revised Versions. His method was to read over the English and explain it as fully as possible to Selwin. He would render it into the native dialect, and King would discuss it and write it down. At the next meeting Selwin would read and discuss the written sheets, suggesting any corrections, after which King made a fair copy. When it was finished King would read it to Samuela, and get the benefit of his advice on Selwin's translation. The whole was then type-

written for the press, and known as the Wedau translation.

In 1897 King also printed in Sydney a "New Guinea Native Dictionary" of ninety pages. This is described by experts as the "first serious attempt to give an orderly arrangement of this language—a masterly production considering the short time that the missionary had been in close touch with the natives. The book was of great value in initiating other missionaries into a knowledge of this the basic language of the mission."

In 1897 King went to Sydney in order to see his translation of St. Luke through the press and to urge the extension of the mission to Collingwood Bay. He returned in July in time for the anniversary gathering in August. The General Synod of Australia, meeting in Sydney, had passed a resolution on October 5, 1896, that "It is desirable to establish forthwith a bishopric in New Guinea, and that the Australian Board of Missions be requested to take immediate action towards this object." In August came the news that the Rev. Canon Stone-Wigg had been appointed, and he was consecrated on January 25, 1898, having meanwhile paid a visit to New Guinea in November, 1897. With the Bishop's arrival Mr. King's administration of the mission came to an end. The Primate had frequently urged on Copland King that he should

allow himself to be nominated for the bishopric, but he had always steadfastly refused, holding that he was not fitted for the episcopal office, and would not be able to arouse necessary interest in the mission in Australia. Hence he gladly welcomed the appointment of the Bishop and his enthronement at Dogura on May 26, 1898, and always supported him loyally against the attacks of those Australian friends whose views were more in accordance with his own than those of the Bishop. Honour is due to him for the humble and faithful way in which for seven years he discharged the most difficult duty of head of the mission. With few resources and an insufficient staff, and with none of the prestige of a high official position, he carried on in faith and hope and with no thought whatever for himself until relief came at last with the completion of the diocesan organization. His difficulties are well summed up by the administrator, Sir William MacGregor, who wrote in his report of 1894: "Mr. King has mastered the language of the people near him; he is well acquainted with the habits and peculiarities of the natives, and by teaching in church and school, and by the example of his own life, he has greatly influenced those within his reach. The position is not an enviable one: at the head of a mission provided with an excellent headquarters capable of accom-

modating the necessary staff, with an excellent vessel and good boats, with a unique mission field and practically without a staff. Mr. King requires half a dozen European missionaries and at least forty coloured teachers."

# CHAPTER III

1898—1904

After the Bishop's arrival Copland King remained for a while at the head station, teaching in the schools and giving his spare time to translation work until he was relieved by the arrival of Mr. Newton in August, 1899. In October the Bishop went south, primarily to obtain means to start a church school at Samarai. Copland King was left in charge as commissary, but hearing that the mission to the Mambare had been broken up by sickness he left for it by the schooner on February 6, 1900, and remained there until he went for furlough in February, 1901. The Rev. F. W. Ramsay, of Port Fairy, has kindly sent me his reminiscences of this time :

"I arrived at Dogura on Sunday, February 4, 1900, and got ashore in time to attend Evensong and hear King preach. He was Vicar-General at the time, the Bishop being away in Australia. Hines had been brought down from the Mamba very ill, and it was necessary for someone to go up north and take charge of the work which had been recently started. Newton was keen on

going to the Mamba, but King used the powers vested in him and decided to go himself. The staff seemed to think that King had sacrificed himself to what they regarded as almost certain death. Two days after my arrival King left in the *Albert Maclaren* for the Mamba. A layman had been left at the station, but as soon as King arrived he resigned and came back by the schooner. Thus King was alone. On the Bishop's return he was much concerned about King, and asked me if I would go and assist him. On June 22 the Bishop, David Tatoo, and I left and arrived at the Mamba on the 28th. King had been alone for four months, and was overjoyed to see us. He presented two coastal boys, who had volunteered to help, for Confirmation.

"Later the Governor, Sir George Le Hunte, visited the district and presided at a meeting of miners held at Tamata to decide about building a church. They eventually subscribed £35. It was built of native materials with an iron roof. It took the place of a room known as the 'dead house,' where the dead and the dead drunk were laid until their recovery. King was very much disgusted with the amount of drinking, and he determined to preach a temperance sermon. When the time came we rigged up a reading desk and pulpit of packing-cases. His sermon was robbed of a good deal of its force by the discovery that the packing-

HOUSE BOYS.

A NEW GUINEA MISSIONARY'S HOME.

Facing p. 40

cases facing the congregation bore advertisements of Bull-Dog Stout and Guinness's Ales. There was a side of King which seldom appeared, but when it did he was a veritable lion. The miners were boycotting our work and trying to smash us because of an article in the *New Guinea Herald* of an interview with Bishop Stone-Wigg, in which he was supposed to have charged the New Guinea miners with loose living. Things got so bad that King suggested that we should have a discussion with the men. They were duly notified, and we went armed with a letter from the Bishop in which he said he would meet any representatives of the men in debate. Thirteen men faced King in the cook-house. King met all they had to say and overwhelmed them in argument. They lost their temper and threatened him with their fists. King took my breath away by calmly remarking: 'Well, I can't fight you, but my friend here will accommodate everyone who wishes.' Fortunately for me, they did not press the matter, for as I remarked to King later: 'Provided I could have beaten the thirteen men in turn, what would I have looked like when they had finished with me?' It was not only the miners but some of the Government officials whose treatment of the native women gave us trouble.

"There were floods at various times, when the

village gardens were submerged. On one occasion the people came to inquire who was making the flood. They had been told that some of the police had tied a bundle of leaves to a stone and sunk them, and that this was the cause of the flood. King told all the men to come to church when the bell rang. They all arrived with large bundles of coconuts as an offering. King spoke to them and tried to get them to understand that the great Creator ruled even the rain. Prayers for fair weather were offered. Next day the rain ceased, and the river fell so that the people could return to their gardens. The service greatly impressed the people, and was a great help to our work. Just at this time King got news of his mother's death, and had to face his great sorrow in the wilds. We had frequent trouble with children running away from school, and on one occasion a man threatened King's life with a tomahawk ; fortunately, I came up just in time. A little later King heard of a tribal battle on the Gira River, and made a dash thither with several of the Mission boys, but arrived too late, twenty-six men having been killed the previous day."

In 1901 King went south for six months' furlough, which was occupied in seeing through the press his history of the Mission, his Binandere Dictionary, and his Grammar of the Wedau lan-

guage, and in preaching and lecturing on behalf of the Mission. He then returned to the Mambare. The Lieutenant-Governor, speaking in Sydney about this time, said : The Government owed everything to missions. He knew what Sir William MacGregor said about them, and he fully agreed with it. The missions saved the contributing colonies thousands of pounds every year. He wished to make them fully realize what missions meant to the Administration. It would have to be doubled, perhaps quadrupled in strength if it were not for the little houses along the coast where the church workers resided. Every penny spent by the missionaries was a help to the Queen's Government. Every penny spent by the missionaries saved pounds to the Administration. The missionaries rendered it unnecessary for the whites to move about with armed forces. They enabled the officials to leave their rifles on the ships and go inland with their umbrellas. The Mission brought peace, law, and order ; it helped the Government, and the Government was proud to reciprocate the aid. If one could only see the difference between the natives brought under the influence of the missionaries and those who were not ! The Bishop and he himself were working hand in hand in the island. The Mission on the Mambare was about forty miles up the river above Tamata, the

Government station, and Mr. King's work was helped by the establishment of a hospital with two mission nurses. The difficulties of the work were increased by the wild character of the country and the difficulties of travelling from place to place.

Thus, writing in 1908, Mr. King describes a visit to the Waria River: "We came to a place where we got our first sight of the Waria River. It ran about 600 feet below us. The mountains rose on each side of it and the valley was narrow, the river running under one side or the other, leaving fertile flats where there was room. We could not see any villages, but the plantations were in evidence on the flats and creeping up the sides of the mountains, the light green of the taro being topped by a brown space where the timber had been all cut but not cleared away. We saw natives on the river beach bathing, near what we found afterwards was the village of Gamundu. Here we found thirty-eight village constables appointed by the Government of German New Guinea. The Germans claimed the country to the north of the river, but the constables were very friendly. . . . We stayed at the store for two days. This is the beginning of the gold workings. It was below the store that the lumpy gold was first got, and there were still two or three men working within a day's journey

along the river. We visited two or three of them on the Wednesday, the trip to their camp and back taking us nearly all day. The rest of the diggers are farther up the river. To visit the nearest district where any of these were working would have meant the addition of at least a week to my trip. The others were farther up, some of them more than a week's walk out. In the mountains here the river rushes along at a terrible rate, hemmed in by diorite rocks, sometimes into a narrow gorge that you can bridge with a fallen tree. It is impossible to work here in the bed of the river : no one could stand it. Only a few days before one of the diggers had been lost. It is supposed that he slipped into the stream and was dashed to pieces. The other diggers and a party of police hunted in vain for any traces of him. Some of the latter made a raft and floated it down, clinging to it while it spun round and round and over and over. Even that would have been impossible anywhere near where the man was lost. The work is done by putting the ripple box near the water and carrying to it the earth from above water or flood level. Even a boy dipping water out of the river has been caught by the current and washed away without any chance of rescue. When I say flood level I mean that a long way up from the ordinary level of the water the rocks are washed clean,

though a patch of sand may have formed in an eddy among them.

"But where the moss and trees begin to hang on even there gold is deposited by the higher floods, and can be got as I have described. In pursuit of such little 'beaches' the diggers travel up and down, and cross the river from side to side on bridges made of lawyer cane. On the Aikora such bridges had at least a footpath and two handrails formed of several strands of cane. But here the people seem to be content with the footpath. The natives, of course, think nothing of them. They will cross holding on with one hand and holding a bundle of taro in the other. The diggers cross, but they have to carry their dogs.

"All the way up the river are native villages, generally on spurs 1,000 feet or more up the mountains. The natives supply the diggers and their boys with taro and sweet potatoes and pigs in large quantities and at cheap prices, otherwise the gold won would hardly pay the cost of the work; but another advantage is that the boys keep in much better health now that they have native food to live on."

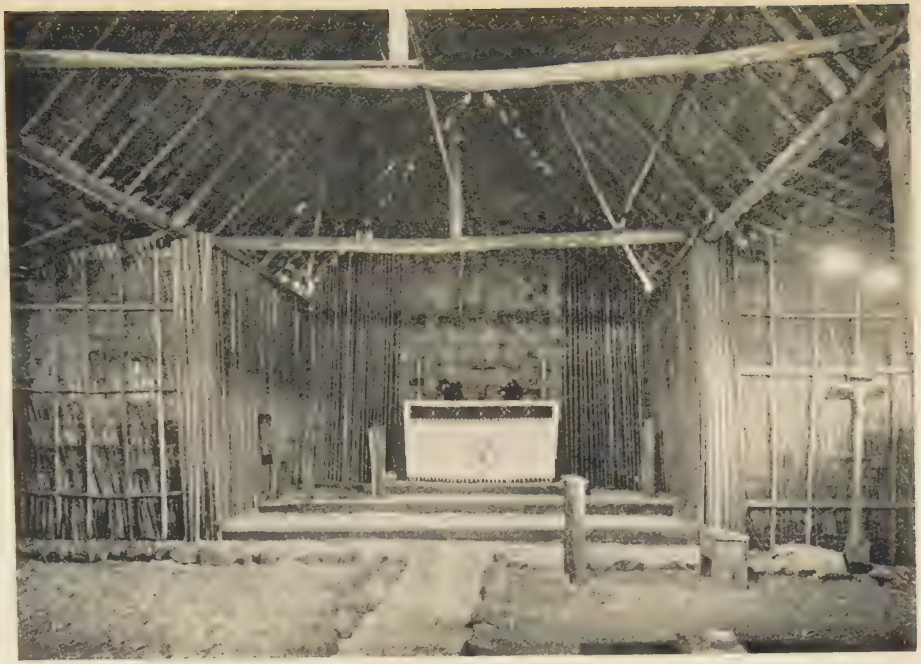
Writing to children in Australia, Mr. King says with regard to the district: "It was two days easy walking to where we were to stop first. We had to wade through two rivers and climb ever

so many hills. Nearly every one of the diggers has a lot of native boys to work for him, signed on for a year. They carry his stores from Tamata, they dig the earth where the gold is and make ditches to carry the water to wash it, and one of them is appointed cook and helps in the house work. These boys come from different parts of New Guinea, principally the Fly River and the islands. Of course they have to learn English, and a very funny kind of English it is. The master will say to them: 'Work he finish now; you go catchee kaikai.' Which means 'Stop work now and go and have dinner.' One of the commonest things here is a tin-opener, and all the boys know what it is for; but when they talk of 'tin-opener belong bottle' you have to remember that they mean a corkscrew. There was an old digger there who had no boys but worked by himself. He was cutting a tree down, and it fell on his foot and mangled it. Another digger was going up twice a day to dress it for him, and he seemed likely to lose his toes. Afterwards, when we persuaded him to come in, he had to be carried by the boys. I went down on Sunday to visit him. He told me that his language was Low German, and that when he was a boy he used to read his Bible and say the hymns 'Nun Danket' and 'Ein Feste Burg.' Well, of course, we have these tunes in our hymn book,

so I began to sing them to him, and he was greatly surprised, and said: 'Where did you learn that? Have you been to Germany?' Afterwards I asked him to say the Lord's Prayer. He said that he did not know it, but when I began he said: 'Oh, that is Unser Fader'; and once he started he said it in his own language. Now, whenever you wonder why you have to learn prayers and texts and hymns so much, remember, the time may come when you won't be able to learn them but be glad to know them."

All the time King was working hard at the language, in which he was gradually acquiring great proficiency.

The Rev. H. Newton, the present Bishop of New Guinea, writing of the Mission in 1914, said: "The language difficulty is one of the most serious obstacles to our work. Roughly speaking, there are two distinct languages on the north-east coast of New Guinea: a Melanesian language as far up as Wanigela in Collingwood Bay, and a Papuan language from there to the German boundary and farther on. Of both of these, but especially the Melanesian, there are many dialects. The structure of the language remains fairly fixed, but the vocabulary alters every few miles along the coast and pronunciation varies with it, so that he who knows one dialect will find that spoken a few miles from



THE CHURCH, AMBASI.

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home unintelligible, nor will he be understood. In one district the letter *h* is hardly ever sounded, in another it is as plentiful as in the mouth of a Cockney; here *s*'s, there *k*'s are sprinkled over the language as from a flour dredger. The staff had all to learn the language; they could not be of much use for their work till they had done so, to some extent at least. We went through a course of Wedauan, reaping the benefit of years of patient labour on the part of Copland King, a priest who came with the founder of the Mission, and of others who had been in the country years before us. In language lessons every day Mr. King gave us the full benefit of his past work, and few of us realized how different it is when one enters into the labours of others. What patience and perseverance had been extended in reducing the language to writing, in drawing up a grammar, in forming a vocabulary (which we find when we refer to it even yet contains words we fondly hoped were new discoveries of our own), in translating portions of the Scriptures and of the Prayer-Book, in adapting hymns! Those of us who had some aptitude for language, and could speak Wedauan passably in a few months, had little idea of the labour and of the difficulties of the real pioneers.

"The language has a very definite grammar with exact rules, and the natives are very careful

to speak grammatically. The little children rarely make a mistake in the villages, and they very soon learn to use the correct words for shades of meaning. The natives shiver when they hear a false concord, as painful to them as a discord to a musical ear, and they are fond of their language and proud of it. Their sense of humour would be touched as some word was used which gave a meaning different to that intended to be expressed, but often the pain swallowed up the humour. One could see how they suffered when in his ignorance a preacher trampled on their most tender feelings, and murdered the delicate touches of the language they loved; at times they could not be restrained by the solemn duties of a service or by the reverence they felt for the foreigner, and you would hear your mistake corrected in a low voice, more in sorrow than in anger.

"The language is very powerful in assimilating new words. An English word is taken notice of, the pronunciation adapted, a prefix and a suffix perhaps added, a vowel thrown in here and there to separate consonants, and lo and behold! it is at home at once; and when you hear the word and, thinking that it is a new one, inquire the exact meaning of it, the natives are astonished that you do not know your own language, and laugh uproariously when at last it dawns upon

you that you had better not display your new knowledge except to trap someone else with it. So 'Keep a look out' becomes 'virukautiei,' 'down below' in a vessel becomes 'daumbaro,' 'painted' becomes 'penitai.' A trader in a village found one little chap was always about his house, and kept on saying: 'Get out of the way, you little whipper-snapper.' The natives thought it a good name for the boy, and adopted it for him; but few, perhaps least of all he who was responsible, would recognize the name when it became current coin as 'Epatinapa.'"

Bishop Newton further says:

"From 1900 to his death in 1918 the Rev. Copland King worked at Ave, forty miles up the Mamba River, and afterwards at Ambasi. During those nineteen years Mr. King gave all the time he could spare from other work, and there was a great deal of arduous work to be done—by boat up and down the river (in those days the whale-boat took at least three days to get up the river against the stream); on foot to visit the miners on the goldfields, and later the sea trip from Ambasi—to the study of the Binandere language.

"After some years Mr. King had a number of copies of a grammar and dictionary of the Binandere language typed. He did not think his work sufficiently advanced to have the book

printed. He kept on working at it, but he was not able to have it completed before his death. The MS., with suggested alterations and additions, was sent to Mr. Sidney H. Ray, F.R.A.I., who gave advice as to the rearrangement of the material. He says: 'The book of grammar and dictionary was printed in Sydney in 1927 by D. S. Ford. There is much work still to be done on the Binandere language, but it is hoped that the grammar and dictionary will be a good starting-point for future work. It is the result of nineteen years' work by one who was very careful and thorough in all that he did. Binandere is by far the most important language in the northern portion of Papua. It is spoken by about 10,000 people inhabiting the villages on the Mamba and Gira Rivers, and on the lower reaches of the Opi River, and in the Mamba and Kumusi divisions of the territory of Papua.'

"The language occupies a similar position in the western portion of the Church mission field in Papua to that of Wedau in the east and of Mukawa and Ubir in the centre. Binandere was first learned by the late Rev. Copland King in 1901.

"The language is extremely interesting from the linguistic standpoint. It has not the slightest resemblance to any of the Melanesian languages of New Guinea. Neither has it any likeness

whatever to the other non-Melanesian languages. In vocabulary, grammar, and syntax the language stands entirely apart from other languages of the territory. The publication of this grammar and vocabulary will form a fitting memorial to the author, who devoted his life to the evangelization of the tribes of north-east Papua.''

In 1904 Copland King, accompanied by his sister, Miss Ethel King, visited England. The following is taken from an interview with Copland King, published in an English paper. ''He said : 'I expect I shall not have so much to say perhaps as those who have been in the country a much shorter time than I have. One gets so accustomed to the country and the people that there does not seem to be such strangeness about them to me.' Asked about cannibalism, he said : 'A good deal prevails. The country is gradually being brought under Government influence, but the unsettled and unexplored parts are as bad as ever. A large portion of the island has not been touched by civilizing influences. It is only three years since Chalmers was killed and eaten. On several occasions when we have been opening up new districts the natives have been threatening.'

''Mr. King said that the greatest care was exercised in the baptism of natives. 'We have to make sure that the candidates are really converted and understand the full meaning of the

rite. We sometimes baptize infants when they are members of Christian households. We adopt many children who have been deserted by their parents or whose parents are dead. The Government gives the Mission a mandate to take care of such children till they are eighteen years of age. It is the rule of the natives to bury children with their dead parents, because there is no one to look after them. The Government, of course, forbids the practice, and we are always on the lookout for such cases. We have over 400 baptized members, but our adherents—*i.e.*, those who attend our services or are under instruction —run into thousands.' Asked how he opened up new districts, he said: 'The usual course is to take with us our "boys," who make inquiries among their fellow-natives how they are likely to be disposed towards us. Then we talk to the people, and get them to know and have confidence in us, and be willing to receive our native teachers. The chief difficulty is their ignorance. It is so difficult to bring the idea of God and the obligations of religion home to them. They have practically no religion of their own, and are therefore willing to accept what we teach them. But it is very hard to make them see that the acceptance of the principles of Christianity entails any practical obligations on themselves. We have constantly to be impressing on them that

the acceptance of Christianity with their lips must be followed by an acceptance of it in their lives.

"'We train as native teachers those who are capable of training. Not all have the intelligence. One of the chief difficulties we have is their home-sickness. It is difficult to get the natives to live and work permanently anywhere but in the village where their home and families are. When they have received instruction they want to go back to their village garden and farm and live on the land. In some of the villages they are fairly peaceful and law abiding, but in others very war-like and turbulent. Blood feuds are frequent and very terrible. If one man kills another the friends of the dead man in revenge kill some man of the family of the murderer. The feud does not stop there. It goes on for a long time until one side overawes or exterminates the other. Here is an illustration which occurred in a district near where I work. Some little time ago some men, strangers from the Gira River, were paying a visit to a village, and one of their axes was stolen. On their next visit, to pay themselves for the axe, they killed one of the village people. The village attacked them and killed seven of their number. The strangers withdrew, but returned some little time after, secretly, in the night time. They set fire to a house where all the men of the village were sleeping, and as the men rushed out dazed

with sleep and fear they were nearly all chopped down with axes. In all twenty-seven men, women, and children were killed in the raid. The vendetta then stopped; the village was completely cowed, as was the whole district. One difficulty in dealing with such murderers is the proximity of the German frontier. The natives know that if they can cross that frontier our police cannot follow them, and the German territory is not sufficiently organized for there to be much chance of capture when upon it.

"'Malarial fever is very prevalent. We suffer also from black-water fever. I had an attack last year, and had to be treated in one of our Mission hospitals. The medical officer at Samarai, seventy miles from our head station, is the nearest medical aid we can rely on. We are greatly in need of medical missionaries. The nurses work splendidly, and I was much saddened this morning to hear of the death of one of them after an attack of black-water fever.'

"Mr. King, who is visiting London for the first time, has brought some translations with him, and the British and Foreign Bible Society have undertaken to print a translation of St. Luke's Gospel in the Mukawa language, while the S.P.C.K. is printing versions of the Prayer-Book both in Mukawan and in Wedau. A good deal of printing in the latter of these dialects has

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR, A FRIEND OF MISSIONS, TRAVELLING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

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already been done in the Mission printing shop in New Guinea, and some of the native boys have become expert compositors. Mr. King will stay in England until October, when he will return to his mission work."

## CHAPTER IV

### 1904—1914

FROM 1900, when Copland King went up north to the Mambare, he remained in charge of that northern and isolated outpost of the diocese, with occasional furloughs and visits to headquarters to take charge in the Bishop's absence until August, 1917, a year before his death in October, 1918. The district was a very difficult one, the people being strongly heathen and self-willed.

The Bishop, writing in 1911, says: "The Rev. Copland King's faithful work of foundation laying in this northern station, where the strong charactered people are so wedded to their heathen beliefs and customs and are so averse from any change, and where the language is so difficult to acquire, is beginning to show visible results. The people are now friendly. Services are held regularly in six villages, with an average attendance of 160, and occasionally in three other villages. Twenty-seven persons are definitely under instruction for Holy Baptism, and in Ambasi village there is a well-managed school, with an average attendance of 42 children.

Mr. King has completed the translation of the Gospel of St. Luke and of certain portions of the Prayer-Book into the Binandere language. This latter is a great and valuable feat, for the language is an exceptionally difficult one."

King made his headquarters at St. Margaret's Mission, Ambasi, a village on the coast three miles north of the mouth of the Opi River. Native teachers were stationed at various villages in the neighbourhood, such as Oure, at the mouth of the Opi River, and Gona, and farther away at St. Andrew's Mission on the Mambare. The Bishop says in 1913: "The journey from Ambasi to St. Andrew's is extremely trying; twenty miles to the river mouth, then forty-six miles up the river. Two courses of rowers are taken for it, as it is not possible to rest on your oars; you start to drift downstream immediately. Three nights are occupied with sleeping at villages on the river bank, where mosquitoes are exceptionally bad. Indeed, the four days are very miserable. Personally, I dread them, and do not envy Mr. King, who makes the voyage about once every two months. It is hard on Mr. King that after his twenty-two years' work in New Guinea he should be subjected to this trying experience six times a year. The great event of the year at Mamba, as we always call it, was the baptism of seventeen and the confirmation of

seven in one day. The baptisms were in the Binandere language, and when Mr. King went back to Mamba for Christmas to give the newly confirmed their first Communion he celebrated in Binandere for the first time." Again, a year or two later, he says: "The Ambasi district is one of those big districts which ought to be divided, but lack of men as yet prevents it. There are sub-stations at Oure, Gona, Basabua, Mamba, and (lately opened) Peiro on the Gira River. One or two of Mr. King's South Sea Island teachers are not very capable, but much itinerating work is done, as is evident by the fact that in the district services are held regularly at twenty places and occasionally at twenty-seven. We are handicapped on every side by the want of more clergy." The growth must have been more rapid than the Bishop anticipated, for in the following year he writes: "Mr. King is a real missionary. In the big, too big, district of Ambasi there are no fewer than fifty-two villages that have services held in them and over 1,400 people attending them, of whom 1,300 are still unbaptized. The population is reckoned roughly at 5,000. There are no really big centres. Thus the difficulty of adequately working the district is considerable."

King was, as his Bishop said, making a gallant attempt to do the work of at least two men, and

all the time he was working steadily at the language, Binandere, which was spoken throughout the whole of the district, though with some dialectic variations in parts. The strain on mind, body, and spirit was very great, but the time of his release was drawing near.

In June, 1914, he had the pleasure of a brief visit at Ambasi from his brother, the Rev. Cecil King, and his wife and his sister, Miss Ethel King; but it is characteristic of the man that in spite of his affection for his relatives (he wrote to his brother every week) he would not go to meet them on their return journey or allow their visit of four days to interfere in any way with his work. We quote an account of the visit, somewhat abridged, from Miss Ethel King's diary. The party went by the Mission launch from Dogura, and had a somewhat unpleasant journey.

"*Friday, June* 19, 1914.—At Okion Cecil called Jimmy at 12.45 a.m., and very soon after we started. Heavy rain was falling, and we had rather a miserable night rolling a lot, though we managed to get a fair amount of sleep. It was very uncomfortable getting up, but we got to Buna between 7 and 8 a.m., and, the rain stopping, we got a bit fresher and started on again; but my head was pretty bad, and after eating some breakfast I was very sick. Soon after we sighted Ambasi, and got there about 12 noon.

Copland and Ray and a crowd of boys were trying to get the whale-boat off for us, but were so long that M. (Mrs. King) was very sick. There is a very poor anchorage, and we were rolling dreadfully. Jimmy lost patience when he saw how sick M. was, and called out to Owen to get the dinghy down, and we were soon ashore. Ray said: 'You were plucky to come right up here; we did not think you would.' So we felt rewarded for all the discomforts of the trip. Copland took M. and me up to the house, which is at the top of a very steep hill. We both felt awful. M. picked up after a lime drink and phenacetin. After a while we had a very jolly lunch, Evera and Orero going wild with excitement over such a crowd. After a good rest we felt better, and had plenty to do fixing up the house, our beds, etc. We had brought stretchers with us. There are more mosquitoes here than anywhere we have ever been. We all went to Evensong at 7.30 and had Intercessions after, as they do on Friday night on all the stations.

"*Saturday, June* 20.—We had a quiet day except for crowds of 'visitors,' natives from all parts—such a dirty crowd, many of them, with horrid sores, which R. tried to doctor and wash. Lots of them were daubed all over with mud for mourning. Some of them came as close as possible and stroked our clothes and our hands. M.

and I were very tired when we went to lie down in the afternoon, and still about sixteen of them stood round our beds on the verandah gazing at us. Some of them are fine looking and some of the women quite pretty, but oh, so dirty! The difference between them and the Mission boys who live on the station is marvellous. The house boys, Orero, Pitari, Evera, Siriga, and Korria, have each their special work and are very quick. We went for a short walk to the top of the hill late in the afternoon, and Copland pointed out all the points of interest. We saw lovely ferns and creepers. Evensong in English at 7.30, and afterwards we nursed Eileen's dear little baby while Eileen sang a lot of Wedau songs for us.

"*Sunday, June* 21.—Cecil took the English celebration at 7 a.m. Besides ourselves there were two South Sea Island teachers and Christopher Osembo, a fine-looking Mamba native trained at Dogura. R. and I cooked the breakfast—poached eggs in cups. Copland went off to Ambeia for service there, and walked back for service at Ambasi village, where we met him at 5.30 p.m.

"Copland picked up a spear and began marking out a church in the sand; but they stopped him, saying it was a bad place, for the ripe cocoanuts might fall, and pointed to a safer place. So he went on and soon traced his square on the

sand and a line down the middle. The women and girls sat on the sand on one side and the men and boys on the other, and there were lots of babies. Many brought their mats to sit on, and there was one for us. The village children joined well in the service, singing the hymns and repeating the Ten Commandments and answering questions now and then. The horrid village pigs were wandering round the square, and there was a little whispering among the women. The address was on the gospel for the day—the marriage feast. Copland told it in Binandere very graphically with a lot of gesture, now and then speaking to one or another of his congregation by name, and, of course, adapting the story to local conditions. '"Now then, come along to the feast, all you people, Guriga Guriga. Here are heaps of food—taro, yams, and bananas. Come along." But they would not come. So the men went out and found others, and said, "Come along to the feast." But one said, "I must go and catch fish;" another said, "I must go and watch my garden," and so on.' Then all knelt for the final prayer, and one could only pray that some glimmering of light might pierce those dark hearts, and that more workers might be thrust forth to gather the harvest of souls that is surely, but oh, so slowly! ripening in that beautiful land of Papua. On leaving the village we learnt the native form of

LUKE MATAGWAI-IA.
A chief of Taupota; captain of *Albert Maclaren*.

A MOUNTAIN WOMAN.

Facing p. 64

good-bye, and called, 'Isewo' ('Stop here') to the groups as we passed, and they gave us beaming smiles, and answered, 'Bambuwo' ('Go away'). Almost the last house we passed gave a practical illustration of the sermon. An old woman was cooking the evening meal, and on some native dishes some pigs were eating taro, which had been specially cooked for them. 'Why did you not come to church?' we asked, and she answered, with many gestures and a voluble flow of Binandere: 'How could I come? I had to feed my pigs. If I had left them they would have eaten our tea too.'

"It was almost dark when we got back to the Mission station, strolling along the beautiful track cleared in the jungle along the beach, with banks of ferns or lovely grass on either side, higher than ourselves in many places. Native Evensong at 7.30 was attended by all the station, and after we got back we got out the little organ, and at the sound of the first hymn up came the boys from their house in great excitement to see what was making the music, and we sang some hymns, we in English and the Mission boys in Binandere, until we sent them off to bed.

"*Monday, June* 22.—In the evening the boys played native games. One was that the boys all stood in two rows facing each other with their hands clasped across, forming a sort of bridge,

and along this one of the little boys was heaved and thrown with much laughter and shouting. Then a boy walked along the bridge of hands, steadying himself by holding on to the boys' heads. As the back of the bridge was passed the boys used to run round to the front of the row, so constantly lengthening it, so that the boy on the top had a long way to go. In another two boys stood hugging each other tightly and all the others danced round them, holding hands. Then the end boy wound his free arm round the two, and the line of boys danced round and round with their arms stretched out and hugging the inside ones as tightly as possible till they were all wound up and looked like a bundle of toes! Then they unwound, still holding hands, and danced away. Another they call 'Frogs and Beetles.' They hold hands in a long line, and the two boys hold up their hands to form an arch. Then they call out something, and the boy at the other end answers, and then the line of boys all dance, or rather hop, round and duck under the arch, and at last the two end boys have to twist their arms over and turn round to form the line again, and the same thing is repeated from the opposite end. As they hop they all sing in native 'Frogs and Beetles,' 'Frogs and Beetles.'

"*Tuesday, June* 25.—Copland was off down to the launch again at daylight. Jimmy arrived

soon after. We were up early, and packed up and got off as soon as we could. Jimmy fixed up the launch, but it took some time. Then we came off in the whale-boat. We got off about half-past ten. We were very disappointed that Copland and R. could not come down to Emo with us, but as it was impossible we decided not to go there, as it was no good without them, so we made first for Buna."

Some reference ought perhaps to be made to King's ecclesiastical views. He was by early training and always remained a sturdy Evangelical, but he had no sympathy with party, and was entirely loyal to the Bishop and the general policy of the diocese. His views may be clearly seen in the following letter. In August, 1903, a Sydney Church paper criticized adversely the New Guinea Mission on the grounds that it was not sufficiently Evangelical. Copland King replied in the following terms dated :

"St. Andrew's,
"Mamba.
"*October* 12, 1903.

"Sir,

"In one of your August issues you animadverted, I believe, on the Report of the New Guinea Mission. My copy was apparently lost in the post, and has not reached me ; but I have been told of the contents of your article, and

your editorial footnote to Archdeacon Langley's letter showed me in what spirit it must have been framed. I believe that one of your points was the lack of evidence of direct spiritual work, from which I suppose you inferred that the material progress engaged our attention overmuch. As one of the members of the Mission, who had nothing to do with the drawing up of the Report, and who never saw it until three days ago, may I suggest that there is another inference which may be drawn? We who study native character know that one of the hardest things to produce is a conviction of sin, a sense of sinfulness. You know how hard it is among white people. But it is one of the last things that a native trying to be a Christian can grasp. Two instances were illustrations of the fact that this great lesson had been learned. But generally many of us hold it to be thoroughly unwise to publish incidents of spiritual growth except with great caution. The account has sometimes come back to the person whose experiences are recounted, with very bad results. And again, it is an unhealthy thing for a missionary to be looking out for such incidents with a view to describing them as a sign that his work is telling. He watches for them with a view to thank God for them. You say: 'Prove to us that your converts are growing in grace.' Do you ever say such a thing to your parish clergy

as a condition of your support? Have you any right to demand proof while all the time we are saying: 'The work is man's; results belong to God'? And we can only realize this help when walking humbly before Him. One word on what you call the constant and irritating use of the word 'altar.' The word occurs in two places in the Report, each time describing furniture given to the Mission. There are many strong Evangelicals, as Dr. Wace, who quite allow such a use without in the least accepting the doctrinal ideas you attach to the word. Another instance, I am told, is in the hymn sung at the festival—

> "'The Church of England keep,
> Thine altar to the last to rear.'

But who can possibly claim that that refers to putting Communion tables in churches? God's altar is reared wherever His worship is established. We have an altar (Heb. xiii. 10), and that altar is reared in many places in New Guinea by those whom the Church of England in Australia has sent out. But please let me tell what I have been doing to-day—packing up drugs, bedding, books, crockery, etc., because the Mamba hospital is to be closed. We have turned some natives out and refused others. One of the latter died yesterday. There are two white men at Tamata who came in sick from the field

and have been in the hospital, but we are closing. Whites and natives will lose. Do you want me to explain that they will lose spiritual opportunities as well as temporal blessings? And the reason is, as the Bishop explained in Church yesterday, that sufficient funds are not forthcoming to keep us. And why must we retire? Because a large proportion of Church people persist in 'striving about words' (2 Tim. ii. 14), and insist on having their own minutiæ taught into the creed or the creed not taught at all. The real cause of offence to many is that it is not a purely Evangelical Mission. Well, nor is Sydney Diocese a purely Evangelical one. High Churchman as the Bishop is, he gives full credit for good work done wherever he sees it, and he has Evangelical men under him, working as much on their own lines as if they were in charge of an ordinary parish, who realize his thorough impartiality as well as his daily self-sacrifice, which is an example to his whole staff. And it is the spirit of carping criticism which is deadening the Church's realization of the duty of self-sacrifice, the duty of supporting the work which our Lord's last words on earth sent us to New Guinea to fulfil. Pardon my length: I am excited. Pardon my incoherency: I am tired. Pardon my brevity: I have not said half enough.

"COPLAND KING."

## CHAPTER V

### 1914—1918

SOON after the visit from his brother and sister, King's health, which had on the whole been good for the last twenty-five years in spite of his complete breakdown on his first arrival in Papua, at last altogether gave way under the long-continued strain. He was very ill in 1916, and started for Sydney ; but on the way his health improved, and he immediately returned to Ambasi, where he remained for another year in order to finish his Binandere translation of the Prayer-Book and his projected large Binandere Dictionary and Grammar. In August, 1917, he was obliged to go south, though still with the hope of returning to Papua ; but his illness persisted, and he had to ask for another year's leave. His old Bishop, Montague John Stone-Wigg, was lying ill in Sydney at the same time, and the two old comrades died within a week of each other, Copland King passing away first in the coast hospital on October 8, 1918. The following letter written by his sister, the late Miss Ethel King, to their cousin, Mrs. Hassall, and which she kindly allowed me to publish, tells of his last days.

"CAMDEN.
"*October* 19, 1918.

"MY DEAR L.,

"There is so much I should like to tell you about dear old Copland, but I simply have not time to write it all, as I go back to work on Monday. If you only saw the hundreds of letters we have had, and many of them such beautiful ones that we feel we must answer them and not just send a formal printed reply.

"I don't think that note about Copland's being better ought to have been published. He was not really better, though the specialist he went to just at the time let him try and go about a bit more than he had been doing; and just then a new trouble started which turned out to be dropsy, and then the dear old chap saw that it was no longer any use hoping to get back to New Guinea. They tapped him twice. The first time was no good, and he got rapidly worse; the second time was more successful, but did not seem to make him any better. The next day they moved him to another room, as the one he was in was noisy. The new room was a beautiful one in every way with a glorious view. But when we went over to him that day and they asked us to take all his clothes home 'for the present,' I knew that the end was coming. He never left his bed again except to be lifted out once or twice at

the very last to soothe his restlessness and delirium. He was quite happy about dying. I took it upon myself to tell him, as I saw that he was fretting at the thought of a long weary illness in the hospital, and he was so relieved and happy when he knew that it was not to be for long. He settled all his business and said good-bye to many of his friends, and dictated a lot of farewell letters to the Bishop and nearly all the New Guinea staff, and we only just got it done in time before his mind began to wander, as it did a great deal the last week. Even then, through it all, he always knew us and spoke to us by name, and every now and then would seem to pull himself together and have little talks with us. He could never lie down, and spent most of his time leaning forward on a bed-rest, so you can imagine how weary he was. But he was just beautifully patient, and the nurses and sisters were awfully good to him. He saw us all on Saturday, and said good-bye to each as they had to leave, and to Ray (his nephew) and me in the afternoon. Cecil and I had the Holy Communion with him a few days before, when he could follow the service. Just after Ray left M. and Cecil came, and he just lay back and gradually became unconscious about 4.30 p.m., and about 7.30 p.m. he just gave a few big sighs and passed away so gently and all the tiredness smoothed

out of his face, and it was just beautiful. The service at the cathedral was very beautiful, and then the burial up here has been so beautiful and comforting. It has been so sweet to be able to remain here for a little while and take flowers over to his grave, which is in a lovely spot.

"I won't forget about the photo, but he has not been taken for a long time. He was always too ill to be taken since he came back this last time.

"Your affectionate cousin,
"ETHEL KING."

The following is from one who knew him well in the mission field :

"When one got to know Copland King, perhaps the thing which struck one most in his character was his absolute loyalty. This was evidenced in the early days of the Mission, soon after the death of Albert Maclaren. Maclaren had, of course, a cross on the altar : he was a High Churchman, as men were catalogued in those days. King personally was a staunch Evangelical, and though he developed somewhat as time went on he remained such all his life. When King took charge of the Mission, some of the members of the staff tried hard to persuade him to remove the cross ; he steadily refused to do so. Maclaren had put it there, and

there it should remain, and it is still on the altar at Dogura.

"Then, again, when the great change came with the consecration of Bishop Stone-Wigg, King's innate sense of loyalty stood the strain. Of course, the position was difficult. No matter how considerate the Bishop might be, and willing as he was to allow any ritual, less or more, than that which he himself wished, there was sure to be strain ; also the mere fact that King had been in charge for seven years, and also that there must be many changes in methods and ways of working, would give rise to difficulties. King's loyalty stood the strain, and never had a Bishop a more loyal lieutenant than Copland King was to Bishop Stone-Wigg.

"King did not talk much about things. He was, I think, grateful to the Bishop for not wanting to insist on ritual that did not appeal to him, but it may be that he felt that his decision to go to the Mamba when Hines broke down in health was partly due to the feeling that it would make things easier if he were to place himself away from the parts of the Mission where changes would be made. It so happened that the Bishop was away in Australia at the time. King was in charge as the Bishop's commissary. I had been at Dogura for about four months. King said to me : 'Someone must go to take Hines's place

on the Mamba ; as commissary I ought to go to the outside and possibly dangerous place, so you had better remain here while I go to the north.' I have sometimes thought that he also felt this was a good opportunity to efface himself so far as the changes which were sure to come in the older parts were concerned. He remained in the north except for trips down to supervise translation work in the Wedauan language, and now and again to take charge of Dogura and to act as commissary, till his death. I saw very little of him after he went to the Mamba, but we kept up a regular correspondence. Unfortunately, white ants have eaten most, if not all, the letters ! I think he was a little anxious about the rather rapid development in the way of baptisms that took place a few years after the increase of the staff consequent on the appointment of the Bishop. His own methods were more of a direct personal nature, influencing the individual, that was necessary when there were few inquirers, as in the earlier days, but he was undoubtedly right in seeing the dangers of institutional religion.

"Of course, the greatest thing, apart from his own personal religion, which Copland King contributed to the work of the Mission was his translation work ; he has laid all the succeeding generations of missionaries under a debt by what he did, first in the Wedauan language and later

on in the Binandere language. Here, again, his readiness to efface himself came into evidence. Whenever he wrote from Dogura about some things which seemed to us wrong in the translations he had left for us in the Wedauan language, he was always ready to admit he might have been wrong and to accept what we suggested. No one who has not had the experience of trying to reduce a language to writing which had nothing of the kind, who has not had to try and discover grammar, syntax, meaning of words, etc., can have any conception of the labour and patience of Copland King in the work on the Wedauan language. None of the people, of course, in those days knew English ; there was a smattering of pidgin English from a few boys who had been to the sugar fields in Queensland, but absolutely nothing to give any help to the inquirer. Signs had to be used, men listened to when they spoke, and it was seen what they did in consequence of what was said. At first it must have been very puzzling. You pointed to your nose, and indicated you wanted to know the Wedauan word ; the answer would be, 'Your nose.' You touched the man's nose ; the answer would be, 'My nose,' with the personal suffix indicating the person, and one would not know that peculiarity of grammatical construction.

"Binandere is a still more difficult language.

King used to say he knew as much Binandere after five years as he had known of Wedauan in five months. However, after a time he had the advantage of using Binandere speaking boys, who had been to Dogura and had there learnt Wedauan.

"King had other interests besides those connected with the Mission. He was a keen botanist; from his earliest days in Australia he had been a collector of orchids, and he found great scope for his hobby in New Guinea. Orchids and ferns were his chief interest to take his mind away from the worries incidental to his work. He was in regular correspondence with botanists in the Philippines and also with the curator of the Gardens in Sydney. There are, I think, one or two new plants that are called after him, as he was the discoverer of them.*

* The following extract from the report of the Director of the Botanic Gardens, Sydney, kindly furnished by the present director, Mr. Bennett Smith, throws light on King's botanical achievements.

"Mr. King was a native of Sydney, and after a service of over twenty-five years with the Anglican Mission in New Guinea he returned home to die, on October 5. He had been a valued correspondent of this establishment for many years, sending down herbarium specimens of various kinds from the dependency and also some living specimens. Of late years he specialized in ferns. Shortly before his death he expressed the wish that his herbarium and botanical books should be

"King was brought up under a very strict Sabbatarian influence; alas that we have got so far away from it! But it meant that in the early days there seemed to be too great a point made of Sabbath observance, and we have to some extent suffered from that since, as any relaxation has meant that people have gone far in the other extreme. Fishing on Sunday and other things were strictly forbidden; all garden work on Sundays was, of course, also to be accounted wrong. So that even if a man went to get food from his garden on Sunday he was put under discipline, sometimes expelled from the catechumenate; as you could not depend on the truth-

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presented to this establishment, and the transfer was carried out through the kind intermediary of his sister, Miss Ethel R. King, of Sydney, and of his colleague, the Rev. P. Charles Shaw, of Dogura. The herbarium consists of over one thousand specimens of ferns, together with a few other plants. It is most valuable, and many of the specimens have been determined by such authorities on the group as Prince Ronald Bonaparte, of Paris, and Dr. E. B. Copeland, of Manila. The specimens have been given a special label. Adjacent to the fern herbarium is a portrait of Mr. King, and thus a memorial has been constituted of an Australian botanist whose botanical work was carried out under difficulties that few Australians can even guess at.

"EDWIN CHEEL,
"*Curator, National Herbarium.*
"*May 24, 1928.*"

fulness of the people it was possible that the excuse was a subterfuge. It is not quite fair to criticize such methods now, as there were greater difficulties in many ways than there are now, and in those days views were very much more strict about such matters than in our laxer days; but the effect was not good, as it tended to develop deceit. There were times when King was in very real danger from the natives and from perils of waters when travelling was by whaleboat only, but he had a quiet courage that nothing could disturb. His devotion to the Mission sprang from a real love for our Lord and absolute loyalty to the Church as the agent for completing the work He had come to do for the whole race. For his life and example we have to thank God, and pray that we may be as faithful unto death as our 'father King' was—so the natives all learned to call him."

Mrs. Finnis, of Nevendon Rectory, England, writes:

"We were all thrilled at the small theological College of St. Wilfrid, at Cressy, in Tasmania, to hear that Mr. Copland King was coming to tell us of the work in New Guinea. One of our own students, the Rev. Walter Sage, had brought Charlie, his brother, to stay with us, one of the first laymen to go to New Guinea, so we had heard a little at first hand. There was a lantern

lecture arranged in the village, where interest in missions was a real part of the people's lives; but it was the talk to the students, at which I was allowed to be present, and the personal talk I had with him, that will never fade from my mind. I can still see the blackboard with the conjugation of the Wedauan verb on it, though, alas! the vowels are now not quite clear, and I can still hear his illuminative descriptions of the difficulty of reducing a spoken language to a written one. He teased us delightfully about our ignorance of the appearance of raw rubber, and then consoled us by giving us real nutmegs from New Guinea, as well as some of the rubber. And our delight in eating a pudding flavoured by the New Guinea nutmeg was a feeling to be remembered. Two early morning memories: one the wonderful experience of receiving the Body and Blood of our Lord from the hands of him who was to us as an apostle, the apostle of the Church in New Guinea; the other a walk with him down the drive and down the village road very early, with the chill morning air making him shiver a little, to catch the coach that would take him to the train. He told me then of his desire to begin work at Emo among the hill people. I used to look eagerly to see when it would begin, and then: 'Don't let people call me Copland-King, as if it was hyphened. My surname is King;

people in Tasmania *will* hyphen me.' So with a laugh we parted as the coach drew up beside us, never to meet again in this life ; but the hearts of all of us at home were filled with wonder at the simplicity of this great man, and we gave glory to God."

Mr. Elwin, who went up to the New Guinea Mission as a lay worker in 1893, two years after Copland King's arrival, has kindly furnished the following reminiscences :

"Mr. Elwin arrived in the *Albert Maclaren* with the first two South Sea Island boys, Willie Holi and Mark Ambrim. Copland King met them at Dogura, where Mr. Elwin was with him for a few months before going with him to open a station at Boianai. He was here for some months, but, suffering badly from fever, he went to Yarrabah after twelve months in New Guinea. Though Mr. King's health was bad when he came he enjoyed wonderful health in New Guinea. He showed great aptness in acquiring the language and spoke it well. His patience with the slowness of the natives was wonderful ; he used to say that it was their custom, and that our hurry was as strange to them as their slowness to us.

"On going to a new place he would sit down on the beach and say nothing for a long time. Then he would get up and walk through the

village, and, pointing to the skulls, would insist on their being taken away. At night he gathered the people all together and addressed them, being helped in dialect difficulties by the Dogura boys. He would sleep on board the *Albert Maclaren,* and stay until he got them to build a house for a South Sea Island teacher.

"His character was solid. If he thought a thing right nothing could turn him—*e.g.*, when a trader of bad character called on him and was most polite he would not ask him into the house where Mrs. Tomlinson was.

"He was sympathetic and easy to get on with. Though considered a Low Churchman, he was very patient with practices he did not understand or agree with. He was a big man, but was always quiet and unassuming. He had much difficulty in finding the right terms for the translation of theological ideas unfamiliar to the natives—*e.g.*, 'forgiveness.' The Papuan idea of forgiveness was tersely expressed by Magaiam, an old heathen chief with whom he was on friendly terms. 'When we have killed as many of the enemy as they have of us we will close the door.'

"He had all the strength and frankness of a great man, and had nothing of 'the boss' about him. He was always ready to consult with others. Although Mr. Elwin had no intention of seeking

ordination, King presented him with Hooker and persuaded him to study, and when he was ill King nursed him as if he had been his mother. His extempore prayers were wonderful, and showed an intensely devout and sincere spiritual life."

The Rev. J. Elder, of Lindfield, whose son, the Rev. Raymond Elder, has been in the New Guinea Mission for thirteen years, writes:

"I enjoyed the privilege of Copland King's friendship for nearly fifty years, beginning when he was a small boy and lasting to his death. He was my curate when he decided to go to the mission field, and I was one of the first persons who heard of it. When he returned from his first visit and went to his doctor for a clean bill of health, he was told that in New Guinea he might live two years, but probably no longer. He was stopping with me when the news of Maclaren's death came to Sydney, and he decided at once to return. He said: 'I may die, but at least I may be able to keep the flag flying till someone else is ready to take it up.' He told me that he never knew what the promise of the presence of God meant till he was alone among the heathen, as they then were, savages. I was told by one of his companions that in dealing with the natives he was absolutely fearless, and went freely among them at all times. When King went back in charge of the Mission, Archbishop Smith told

me that he did not write beautiful letters, but he went straight to business, and always told him just what he wanted to know. When the first two Papuan boys returned from a visit to Australia, King told him that what interested them most were the butchers, bakers, and abundant food shops. They had always thought that the white men came to New Guinea because they could not get enough food in their own country."

The Archbishop of Brisbane writes :

"Copland King has sometimes been spoken of as though his main work in New Guinea were that of a translator. It is true that he saw the value—nay, the absolute necessity—of translation work, and that he did much translating into two languages and did it with the utmost carefulness. Moreover, he made matters easier for his successors by compiling two dictionaries, one in the Wedau language and one in Binandere. But he never lost sight of that for which he went to New Guinea, to preach the Gospel to and to make Christ known among the heathen people who had never heard of Him. So he continued to the very end to be a missionary in quite a primitive sense. Set services in church, with congregations of Christian people, did not appeal to him so much as did walking forth to conduct simple, out-of-door services under palm-trees in small villages or among scattered groups of

people who had not yet come into the knowledge of the truth. He allowed nothing to interfere with this itinerating primitively missionary work. I have often accompanied him on Sunday afternoons when in the neighbourhood of Ambasi; he would hold three or four such services amongst very ignorant or frankly heathen people.

"He always made himself very accessible, sometimes I thought almost too accessible. He would go on writing or translating amidst a crowd of natives close around him, and of their continuous and unceasing talking one with another he hardly seemed to be aware. He had thrown in his lot with the people of the country, and to a large extent he made himself as one of them.

"He lived for many years a rather lonely life in an outpost at Ambasi, from which he usually came away only once a year to attend the Annual Conference of the European staff at Dogura. Ambasi was so situated that a European visitor seldom came his way, but I do not think he minded that at all.

"Copland King certainly had the grace of perseverance. He stuck to it. He stuck to the task of learning first one language that had never been committed to writing and then another. He stuck for twenty-seven years to the Mission of which he was one of the founders, and he once told me that his greatest wish was to die and be

buried in the land. His longing to return to New Guinea was expressed in more than one letter that I had from him during his last illness. But it was not to be.

"Perhaps the greatest test of his perseverance, a test which the Tomlinsons fully shared with him, was his sticking to it during the years 1892-1895. Albert Maclaren had died, little help came from Australia, the need of withdrawal was freely spoken of, but those three brave souls—Copland King, Samuel Tomlinson, and his wife (a true heroine this last)—stuck to it till better days should come. They lived to see the reward of their perseverance, and the Australian Church will ever remember them.

"GERALD SHARP,
"*Archbishop of Brisbane.*
"Bishop of New Guinea 1910-1921."

It has not been possible in this short biography of Copland King to include much that would have been of real interest, as, for instance, extracts from his letters in which he often expresses, with considerable vigour, his opinion of men and things, or a more detailed account of his translations into Wedauan and Binandere, which constituted the great work of his life, though he had to undertake them far from all books and amid all the distractions of a missionary's life, the one

person on a station who is at the beck and call of everyone, and who is personally responsible for a thousand petty details, but it is hoped that enough has been given to furnish some picture of the man and his work.

We start from the point when, his thoughts being already directed towards the claims of missions, he caught from Maclaren the flash of inspiration which determined him to give his life to carrying out our Lord's last command, an inspiration which carried him through twenty-seven years of monotonous toil.

There was little in his life of picturesque adventure or entrancing novelty. The work that lay before him on his return to Papua was dull and largely uninteresting, and it was gilded by no prospect of much success. The Australian Church was but mildly interested, if at all, and certainly not interested enough to provide adequately in men or money for the task of winning Papua for Christ. Copland King responded to the call, not because he thought himself a fit leader, for he repeatedly refused the suggestion that he should allow himself to be nominated as Bishop, but because he thought that he could hold up the flag of the Church until he died, as he was warned he would die, of the climate in two years' time. A man of quiet courage and unshaken determination, he soon

won the respect of whites and natives alike. His great gift of languages came out almost accidentally. That he had a scientific mind is shown by his botanical labours, and circumstances directed it to the great task of reducing to writing and order two unknown languages, one of which was an exceptionally difficult one. He loved his people intensely, and he was under no delusions with regard to them. He was content to work for years at preparation before he thought a man or woman ready for baptism, and he was alarmed at what he thought too hasty admission to the Church when the faith began to spread in the later years. He was as ready to minister to the white miners as to the natives, and as fearless in rebuking their vices.

There was nothing spectacular in his life, but it is all the more valuable as an example of the ordinary man who was inspired by a high Christian ideal, and who unflinchingly lived up to his ideal to the end.

# APPENDIX

Translations by the Rev. Copland King into the Wedauan and Binandere languages:

## Wedauan

1897. St. Luke's Gospel, pp. 99. (Sydney.) New Guinea Native Dictionary, pp. 90. (Sydney.)

1899. Portions of the Prayer-Book, pp. 59. (Sydney.) Catechumen's Book, pp. 54. (Sydney.)

1900. Confirmation Service and Hymns. (Dogura Mission Press.) Manual for Communicants. (Dogura Mission Press.)

1901. Book of Genesis, pp. 64. (Dogura Mission Press.) Grammar and Dictionary of the Wedau Language, pp. 91. Catechism. (Dogura Mission Press.)

1902. Book of Sunday Lessons, pp. 128. (Dogura Mission Press.) Hymns and Psalms, pp. 126. (Dogura Mission Press.) Gospel of St. Matthew. (Dogura Mission Press; reprinted later by the Bible Society.)

1903. Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, pp. 215. (Dogura Mission Press.) Occasional services. (Dogura Mission Press.)

1905. Reading Book, pp. 42. (London.) Psalms, pp. 109. (Sydney.)

1907. O.T.: Joshua to 2nd Chronicles, pp. 376. (Sydney.) O.T. Lectionary, pp. 407. (London.)

1912. Hymns and Psalms, pp. 88. (Sydney.) In the later Wedauan translations King had the assistance of Canon Tomlinson, Miss Ker, Mr. Taylor, and other members of the Mission.

### Binandere

1901. Dictionary of the River Mamba Language. (Sydney.)
1903. First Eight Chapters of Genesis, pp. 14. (Dogura Mission Press.)
1904. Revised and more extensive Binandere Grammar and Dictionary. (Typed only; not complete at Mr. King's death.)
1906. Prayers, Psalms, and Passages of Scripture. (Sydney.)
1912. Gospel of St. Luke, pp. 74. (Sydney.)
1916. Service of Holy Communion. (Typed in Sydney.)
1917. Prayers, Psalms, Hymns, and Catechism, pp. 39. (Sydney.) Book of Common Prayer, pp. 254. (Sydney.)

### General

Theological Terms in Native Languages, pp. 16. (Sydney.)

History of the New Guinea Mission, 1891-1901. (Sydney.)

Articles on linguistic and missionary subjects in *A.B.M. Review* and other missionary and scientific periodicals.

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